

# Bankrupt Stock

## Furniture at Cost

The furniture stock of the bankrupt Hale Furniture Company has been moved to the "Rockets," next door to Pee Dee Motor Sales Co., and is being offered for sale at cost. Big bargains can be had and it will pay you to supply your furniture needs NOW. It is a rare opportunity.

### PANTRY SHELVES

By HAZEL L. LANGDALE.

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"Remember to feed the cat, put the bottles out for the milkman, take your medicine regularly, and don't clean house!" Polly kissed her husband affectionately and hastened out.

John watched his wife go down the street, waited to wave to her when she reached the corner, then turned away and gazed gloomily about the comfortable sitting room, suddenly, for some reason or other, become so forlorn. Yet this sending away of his wife on a little visit to their son had been his own doing. After playing the part of faithful nurse to his six week's attack of rheumatic fever she certainly deserved, now that he was well on the road to recovery, a bit of a vacation.

The first few days of Polly's absence passed away pleasantly.

But by the end of the week he began to look around for something to do and sheepishly recalled his wife's admonition about cleaning house.

As he limped slowly from room to room he was aware that everything was as neat as a pin.

Straightaway John plunged into his task, poking abandoned jars and bottles and paper bags, arranging and rearranging things to suit his masculine idea of the way pantry shelves should be.

Two weeks later Polly came home, rosy cheeked once more, glad to see her husband, and overflowing with stories about the darlingness of John, third.

"I just guess you'll be pleased to have some more good things to eat, John, dear," she said. "To begin with I'm going to make up your favorite chocolate cake for supper."

Polly's husband, supremely content to have her back, sat in the old kitchen rocker, comfortably puffing his pipe, his eyes happily watching his wife as she hustled about.

Presently she disappeared into the pantry and he heard her rummaging around. Then she emerged and he heard her say half to herself, "There now, I was afraid I was out of it. But I find I have got a little baking powder after all. Thought I'd have to borrow a mite from Dora."

John chuckled, remembering where he found that baking powder. Why would women, the best of them, mind you, tuck away little dabs of stuff in old envelopes or paper bags and then forget all about them? If it hadn't been for his putting that baking powder into an old baking powder can where it belonged, she'd have had to trot over to a neighbor's, wasting time.

Half an hour later his wife opened the oven door and in his mind's eye John plainly visualized the cake in all its wonderful three-storied glory, each layer a miracle of lightness. An exclamation from his wife punctured the vision.

"Why, why, why, John, I've never had that happen before!" Polly's face expressed utter dismay.

John rose and peered over his wife's stooped shoulder. On the oven rack were three cake tins, each sending forth a delicious odor and containing something that was nicely browned, but which lay flat as the proverbial pancake. "I can't understand it!" Polly wailed.

She walked over to the table, picked up the baking powder can, tipped out a little of the contents in her palm and tasted it. For a moment she stood there with a puzzled frown on her forehead. Then, "That's not baking powder—that's boracic acid!" she cried.

For a moment John did not understand. Then, slowly, a great light broke upon him and sheepishly he grinned.

"My fault, Polly," he confessed. "I found a little envelope full of white powder on the shelf. It said on it—I thought—'B. P.' I guess it must have been 'B. A.' Written in pencil, you know, and not very clear. Anyhow, it appeared to me like baking powder and I put it where it belonged."

"Well—of all things!" said his wife. "That's what Mary used to use for the baby—left it the time she was here visiting. I suppose to a man they look exactly alike." She paused and eyed her husband suspiciously. "But what were you doing fooling around those pantry shelves?"

"Cleaning 'em," said John, meekly. Then he brightened. "Look, here, Polly. Forget about it. I'm punished, anyhow, by losing the cake!" He looked for all the world like a crest-fallen child—like John, Jr., used to when he was a little chap.

Polly melted. "Never mind, John, you'll get your cake. I'm going right over to Dora's for some baking powder. But while I'm gone, John, don't—"

"No, I won't," interrupted her husband, "not ever again!"

### The Home of Culture.

"Now Johnny," said the Boston mother to her six-year-old son, "you should avoid playing pranks with your elders, for remember 'He who laughs last, laughs best.'"

"I appreciate your admonition, mother," said the son, "and doubtless you mean to infer that he who giggles at the conclusion, chuckles far better than his predecessor."

### Early Morning Lull.

Wife (to returning hubby)—And you can't look me in the face?  
He—S'yes, dear! (hic), you shoo one gets used to most (hic) anything.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

Home-folks! Well, that air name, to me, sounds jist the same as poetry—That is, if poetry is jist As sweet as I've hearn tell it is!

### PICNIC LUNCHEES.

During the season for camping foods easy to carry and prepare for serving are justly popular. Bread which is very nice for sandwiches and one which will keep for several days is:



**Nut Bread.**—Take one cupful of sugar, one egg, three-fourths of a cupful of chopped or broken walnuts, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, beat the egg, add sugar, milk and flour, stir in the nuts and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

**Lunch Cake.**—Take one-third of a cup of soft butter, add one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of raisins and one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Put all the ingredients in a bowl and beat together three minutes; bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

**Doughnuts.**—Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and one white, one cupful of freshly mashed potato, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and nutmeg to flavor. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the eggs. Stir the potato and milk. Add the flour gradually and use more if necessary. The less flour the better cakes. Fry in deep fat. These cakes will keep moist much longer than those prepared without potato.

Sandwiches are always well liked and there is such a variety that everybody may enjoy the kind he likes. The following are a few of the many:

Mince hard boiled eggs, grated cheese, seasoned with mustard.

Sardines made to a paste with lemon juice.

Thin slices of roast veal covered with chopped pickles.

Equal parts of chicken and cold cooked ham, finely minced and seasoned with curry powder.

Nellie Maxwell

## Cotton Picking Sheets, Sacks, Scale Beams, Knee Pads

at less than pre-war prices.

You need a McCormac Mowing Machine and Rake to harvest that hay and peavine crop and a Cole three-row Grain Drill for sowing your Spring oat and rye crops.

**Everett Hardware Company**  
Rockingham, N. C.

## Fordson

TRADE MARK

You are cordially invited to attend a

## Fordson Tractor Demonstration

Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1921

At Morrison McInnis Farm  
1 mile from Laurinburg on Hamlet road.  
1 to 5 p. m.

"The boll weevil has come—"

Fight him with a Fordson Tractor."

**H. A. Page, Jr.**